

T H E
L E W E S N E W S M E N S'
New-Year's Verses, for 1791.

H U M B L Y A D D R E S S E D
To ALL *their* WORTHY MASTERS and MISTRESSES.

TWELVE many-weather'd months are
past

Since we address'd our PATRONS last:
Both night and day our dull career,
Has dogg'd the various-vestur'd Year:
We've seen it hoar with eastern snows,
And fann'd by ev'ry wind that blows:
We've seen it's fickle *vernal* day
Freeze, rain, and shine, with sudden ray:
Solstitial heats, and nightly dews,
We've brav'd,—to bring you *weekly news*,
The *sickly Autumn* we have seen,
Whose *yellow* fring'd the *fading green*:
And *Winter* last we saw intrude
In hasty, rough vicissitude;
With *Lightning's flash*, and *Thunder's roar*,
(Such as we never felt before)
The angry Heav'ns their veng'ance hur'd
And fill'd with awe th' affrighted world.

On *Down*, while *Independence* rests,
Dread storms assail our trembling breasts:
A scanty livelihood to gain
We face the driving fleet and rain,
No kindly star, or northern light
To cheer the chilling, dreary night,
While horrors carol'd by the owl,
And o'er the *Down*, hoarse tempests scowl:
We breast the piercing, northern blast,
And tread the snow-clad, trackless waste:
Thro' sloughs and quicksands toil our way,
And faint, salute the tardy day.

Those various hardships we endure
For you some pleasure to procure;

From *Lewes*, bring a weekly Treat
Cook'd ev'ry Reader's taste to meet:
The fair-typ'd *Journal*, we dispense,
Is conn'd by wit and common sense;
The cream of *London* prints it skims;
Like some of them it never *trims*;
By it's *Advertisements* you know,
How all *South-Saxon* dealings go;
Some decent Rhymes, if you can bear 'em
You'll find in *Angulo Musarum*:
With *Chubs* and *Grigs* and other fish,
Masters make up a fav'ry dish.

Now shall it's bearers boonless go?—
Sweet *Generosity* says, "No.

"For *drudging Industry* should share
"A pittance of what *Wealth* can spare."

Your Bounty's given on condition
Of our accustom'd *Expedition*.
In mir'y lane, or craggy road,
There's nothing like a *silver Goad*.
True *Jobs*, we bless the Hand that tosses
In *Newsman's* way, a few hard *Crosses*;
With *Virtuoso's* admiration
We thumb a *George* in *preservation*,
And, tho' tis dangerous to own,
Do more than *He* to gain a *Crown*.
With winged *Gratitude* we steer
To those that hanfel our *New Year*:
Nor shall our *thankful* course be run,
Should we out live hoar *Ninety-one*.
But needless is a long oration
To rouse the spirit of *Donation*.

We're sure it's always prompt in you:—
Your *Blessings* Sirs, and then — adieu.